

1-17-1934

Letter from Virginia Veeder Westervelt, Wellesley,  
Massachusetts, to Mrs. Millicent Veeder,  
Schenectady, New York, 1934 January 17

Virginia Veeder Westervelt

Wellesley College Archives

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# News from Wellesley College

WELLESLEY COLLEGE PRESS BOARD  
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Release

17 Jan 4

A very fine hello darlin'

Having just sent off a story to one of the Connecticut papers, I feel the urge to continue my typing endeavors. Do you mind?

Just before this activity, I delivered a speech in class, and shall I tell you what she said to me afterward? Remember I said we had to prepare 6 speeches, and only drew to deliver one? Well, my final topic turned out to be, "Is every Life Situation a Speech Situation?" So I proceeded to develop it, didn't get nervous or flustered, and didn't die off at the conclusion. However, it didn't take the whole 2 minutes, so I didn't know what she thought of it, and I was most surprised when she called me up afterwards and said that my speech was very excellent, showed a fine grasp of the situation, had some fresh ideas, was presented with very good poise and diction, and that she thought I had an extraordinary field in which to work, and that I ought to seriously consider going on with it!!! I think that's the gist of her remarks. The only reason I remember them so clearly is because I just came from the platform, but I thought you might be interested in knowing that your daughter may run off the deep end to Hollywood some day to see the glories of the city, and to amass her fortune in the golden city of opportunity. Double exclamation point.

At Press Board meeting yesterday, I was assigned to write an article of live social or economic interest of about 600 words for a New York paper, which if accepted, will net me about \$5. Do think of an important problem! Maybe I'll get home an extra weekend with



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my earnings, huh?

Yesterday I had Spring Fever so scrutiatingly. It was grand out, and I felt rebellious--but only for a little while. It got colder, and they had an, or rather, the ice carnival at night. I sort of wished for my skates, as everyone was gliding around, but after getting a hot dog and standing around watching the races and skaters for awhile, we wended our way back. Somehow the ice kept getting colder and colder under my freezeables, so the gorgeous winter weather holds few charms for me. However I only had rubber galshes on, and no woolen socks, cause I didn't expect to go, so that wouldn't have happened--their getting cold, I mean if I'd been properly attired. NO, nothing desperate happened. They were just cold, not white or frost-bitten.

Anyway I was glad, because just as I got in, Dick called, with the result that I'm meeting him after I finish dinner with Ted. Lee is going in for dinner too, so the four of us will have an evening together, and a ride home instead of on the train. Mercenary lot, huh? I had a letter from the lord and master yesterday requesting that I don't go in to Boston to see the Italians anymore. Said that as long as he couldn't be here to look out for me, he didn't want me to be running any risks, and that, even though I could take care of myself, the Big Bad Wolf might just carry me off! Wonder what he'd say if he knew I was being taken care of from the moment I left the place until I was delivered to my door. And by 2 separate men at that. I must be a terrible hypocrite, huh? But I'm not worrying.

End of paper--end of period, so end of letter, but not end of love, no sir!

Ginny



Dear Mother,

108 Elmer

Jan 18

I feel as I imagine  
you felt after your  
winter picnic. Tired  
out but satisfied with  
the success of it. I had  
my play Tuesday, and  
if it had been postponed  
I think I wouldn't have  
lasted another day.

Mrs. Trisbie said it was good  
enough to be given in Proctors.  
I had a lot of lovely things  
said to me.

That you might like to  
read this letter which came  
from V.V. today. Will you bring  
it with you when you come  
down as I want to save  
what that instructor said  
to her.

She has written she wants



98 it should be warmer with you could come down to help me try a winter coat. they are calling at 1/2 price. I washed this

to come home at mid-year exam time. Said she would come on the bus as it was so much cheaper. I wrote back not to come on any bus in this slippery time. But she paid no attention + the next letter said she would get in at 1:57 A.M. instead of about midnight as she had written. So I wrote again that it was out of the question and to say no more about it. I could not meet her at 2 A.M. + certainly wouldn't let her get in alone.

But with the persistency of her youth she wrote again that a bus wasn't any more slippery than a car, very comfortable + she wasn't going to pay \$5 more to ride on the train. So I got my dauber up + forbid her to come home at all if she wouldn't give up the idea of the bus. Do you blame me? I've put up my car and couldn't meet her at 2 A.M. Can you imagine her taking a taxi alone?

Have to go down to High School now for my course. 3 more meetings but I am getting so tired of it. Can you keep warm? Isn't it awful? I had a long letter from Sis written out in the yard. also awful pictures of the flood. will save them for you. Love is a thing fall that I had got one last spring. So I think it is a brilliant

or out alone. Love. Hate to pick up. do. thing